

BANISHED THE BORE.

A Remedy That Dampened His Ardor For Sitting.

The head of a bureau in an important government department has long been afflicted with a friend who calls upon him regularly and sits down and sits and sits and goes on sitting till assault and battery becomes a virtue. The other day this sedentary bore was in the full exercise of his functions when suddenly the official, who had been scrutinizing him closely, cried: "I knew it! I was sure of it! Confound those office boys, with their tricks on strangers! They've been putting glue on your chair again. Hi, Jimmie, bring a sponge and a pail of water!" And, pressing with all his weight on the shoulders of his victim to keep him down, he continued: "Don't stir; you'd tear the cloth sure. Nothing is half so adhesive as glue on a cane seat chair. Here, Jimmie, moisten this gentleman so that we can get him loose. Don't spare the water; the cloth won't shrink or fade." The faithful messenger obeys, and when the operation is concluded the official conducts the visitor to the door and bids him farewell, with the remark: "Perhaps you want to hurry home and change your clothing, so I won't keep you. Goodby, bless you! If your trousers are spoiled, let me know, and I'll stop the price of them out of the pay of the infernal scoundrel if I can find out who he was, and to that task I will devote all the energies of my lifetime and the whole machinery of the government. Goodby! The scoundrel! I thought for several days past that there was something wrong. His friend goes like the visions of youth, never to return.—Argonaut.

COIN SWEATING.

An Illegal Practice Which Has Fallen Into Disuse.

Closely allied to the making of counterfeit coins and usually combined with that nefarious trade is what is known as "sweating," which requires considerable skill to accomplish successfully. A rubber mold is used, into which a gold coin to be sweated is introduced and held with a clip. Copper wires having been adjusted, the coin is immersed in a bath of cyanide of potassium and an electric battery set going. The action of the electricity upon the coin in the acid uniformly sweats the metal—that is to say, causes so much of it to become detached. This process is gone through with a large number of coins, and the gold deposit thus obtained is extracted from the acid.

It is for the purpose of detecting the existence of such reduced coins that bankers weigh gold coins in a balance, and if one is in the scale it will immediately be shown by the indicator. The light coin is then taken out, and whatever the shortage represents that amount the customer will have to make up or be fined.

But, all things considered, sweating is but a poor business, says H. L. Adam in his interesting book, "The Story of Crime," and evidently it is thought so by the criminal fraternity, for it has dwindled to a mere nothing. A sovereign weighs 123.27447 grains, and the limit of error in the weight is .2 of a grain, from which it may readily be gathered that sweating cannot now be a very lucrative business.—London Tit-Bits.

The Waist Came Back.

"The other day I hung my prettiest waist out on the line at the kitchen window," said the fat dweller, "after I washed it. Then I forgot all about it, and when I went to look for it two days later it was gone. I rushed frantically down to the janitress, and we climbed together over the coal into the area to look for the waist. I lamented deeply. It was a beautiful waist. We couldn't find it. The janitor came from the next house and helped us look, but there was nothing doing. I came sadly in at the window back over the coal and ascended to my sixth story flat.

"The next day I looked in the drawer of my chiffonier and found the waist there. Say anything to the janitress? Well, I reckon not."—New York Press.

Curbing the Suffragette.

"It's all right, Mary," he said patiently. "Go in for politics and stand for the London county council if you want to. But remember one thing—the cartoonists will be after you as soon as you're a candidate."

"I don't care."

"And they'll put your picture in the paper with your hair out of curl and your hat on crooked."

"Do you think they would do that?" apprehensively.

"Of course. And they'll make your Paris gowns look like calico and say that your sealskin cloak is imitation."

"William," she said, "I think I'll just stay here and make the home happy."—London Tatler.

Too Hazardous.

"Yesir," admitted a waiter, "I shall be compelled to throw up my situation here."

"Indeed! What is the matter?"

"More than I can put up with. The governor insists on my eating mushrooms in the presence of customers to prove they are edible fungi."—London Tit-Bits.

No End of Trees.

"Did your ancestors have a family tree, Mr. Maguire?"

"Family tree, is it, ma'am? One of me ancestors controlled the entire timber privilege of the garden of Eden."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

An Irish philosopher says it's a great blessing that night comes on late in the day when one is too tired to work longer.

EXPERIMENTAL MATRIMONY.

Trial Marriage Is the Rule Among Many Peoples.

Among many people of the world trial marriages are the accepted custom. Among the Greeks "marriage is considered only as a temporary convenience, not binding on the parties more than one year," the consequence being that "a large proportion of the old and middle aged men by frequent changings have had many wives, and their children, scattered around the country, are unknown to them." Evidences of similar practices of experimental matrimony and connubial variety are found among many of the American Indian tribes on both continents.

In parts of Greenland six months is the trial dead line, husband and wife separating if the "two-hearts-two-minds" theory develops discord instead of harmony.

Marriage among the Botoedos, according to Keane, is of a purely temporary nature, "dissolved on the slightest pretext or without any pretext at all merely through love of change or caprice."

"In Tasmania," says Dr. Milligan, "trial marriages result in a succession of wives."

In Samoa the wife's tenure of office is frequently limited to a few days or weeks, and marriage is sometimes only an excuse for the feasts and festivals so dear to the hearts of the pleasure-loving natives.

In the Indian archipelago it is a common practice for formal marriages to be limited, sometimes for only a month and at others for a period of several years.—Schoolcraft.

IT WAS GENUINE.

The William Shakespeare Signature That Admiral Luce Had.

Admiral Luce was in command of the north Atlantic squadron in 1885, and his flagship for a time was anchored in New York bay, where it was visited by many people. One day a party came aboard which included, among others, a very pretty girl and a very dignified and learned Englishman. As Admiral Luce was entertaining them in his cabin he noticed the pretty girl if she would like to see an original autograph of William Shakespeare.

At this the dignified and learned Englishman pricked up his ears and remarked that he had made a study of the autographs of Shakespeare and was positive there was no authentic example in America. Admiral Luce replied that he was very positive his was authentic and that its genuineness had never been questioned. This made the Britisher quite mad, and he delivered a lecture on the fraudulent autographs and manuscripts that were brought over to America and exhibited as originals.

"Well," replied the admiral, "I am convinced that my autograph of William Shakespeare is genuine, and I am going to have the pleasure of showing it to this young lady," whereupon he went to his desk, took out his visitor's book, turned back a few pages and then pointed out the signature, "William Shakespeare, mayor of New Orleans, Jan. 12, 1885." The Englishman gave a painful gasp and retired.

A Welsh College Yell.

The sooner the college yell is introduced into England the better it will be for the youth of the land. In Wales they have it, and see how Wales always beats all opponents at football! This is the cheery shout of the Aberystwyth students when their men are engaged in any athletic contest: "Hup, hup, burrah! Hup, hup, hurrah! Hup, hup, hurrah! Boom! Warra! Ishmab! Ishmab! Keezle, keezle, wagga, wagga! Keezle, keezle, wagga, wagga! Ishmab! Keezle wagga! Boom! Wa! Ra! Tschz!" Now, that is something like a yell. One can see at a glance that it contains, at any rate, some of the elements which go to make up a yell. It would inspire a caterpillar. A pew opener who had that shouted in his ear would sprout out and die for his country.—London Globe.

The Birth of Christ.

The exact date of the birth of Christ is unknown. Among the early churches there was no agreement as to the date of the Nativity, some celebrating it in April or May, others in January. Dec. 25 can hardly be exact, for it falls in the rainy season of Judea, when shepherds would not have been watching their flocks by night in the open. The December date came into general observance naturally, but gradually. When the heathen races of the north were Christianized they simply substituted for their Yule celebration in December the observance of the birth of Christ.

Looking Backward.

A Mississippi official tells of a colored citizen of that state who gave a justice of the peace a big fat possum as a wedding fee.

A year after the justice on meeting the darky asked: "Joe, how do you like married life?" "Well, sah," answered Joe ruefully, "all I kin say is I wish I'd eat dat possum."

The Best Authority.

Hettie—Harry is a man always to be trusted. He has never deceived me. Clara—But how do you know that? Hettie—Know it? Why, he told me so himself only last evening.—Boston Transcript.

Vindication.

The Lady (to hastily retreating burglar)—Pardon me, but won't you please wait till my husband sees you? I told him there was some one in the house, and he said "Rubbish!"—Harper's Bazar.

SENSE IN EXERCISE.

The Weakness That Comes With Great Muscular Exertion.

It is a curious fact that perfect health is not consistent with high muscular development. Professional athletes and all men who acquire phenomenal strength seem to lose in length of life and activity what they gain for a few years of record breaking powers. I was privileged to see on several occasions Louis Cyr, the Canadian giant, who broke all weight lifting records. He weighed 320 pounds and was all solid bone and muscle. I saw him hold his wife out at arm's length with one hand. I saw him raise a 300 pound barrel from the floor to his shoulder, using only one hand and arm. I saw him get down on all fours under a platform bearing 4,000 pounds of big men selected from the the audience, and he raised the platform with his mighty back. Yet this remarkable man was muscle bound and crippled at thirty-seven, when he should have been at the height of his wonderful powers.

Kennedy, the oarsman, who won a diamond belt for lifting with his hands from the floor absolutely without apparatus a thousand pound weight, was used up and crippled before he was forty. Dowd, professional strong man and teacher of athletics, wore himself out and died at forty-seven.—"Common Sense in Exercise," by Charles H. Cochrane, in Metropolitan Magazine.

NATURE CURES.

Medicine Helps, of Course, but Faith Is a Powerful Factor.

There's a truth at the basis of all this discussion of disease and its cure which, despite the fact that it has been apparent for generations, is still too little understood by people in general. In fact, appearances would lead to the belief that it is not appreciated by all physicians. It is the truth that not the medicine, but nature, cures the ill. The most that medicine can do is to place the patient in a condition most favorable for the work of nature. Here comes in the value of this element of faith. It is the best possible help to nature—the firm belief that you'll get well. It may well take the place of many drugs. It may in instances displace the need of the physician. Even the surgeon can do no more. He simply cuts away debris, puts the body in the best trim he knows how, adjusts merely mechanical breaks or displacements and waits for nature to do the rest. The physician who pours in an inordinate amount of drugs thinks he is assisting nature. As a matter of fact, he is sometimes impeding her. The best physicians, in all except extreme cases, use few medicines, and those as mild as possible.—New Haven Register.

On Heaven.

"If I could be out of physical pain," said a lifelong invalid, "I would ask no other heaven." "If I could be in a place where I might know that my husband never could be killed on the train!" cried one of the gentle "worriers" whose capacity for suffering is neither understood nor respected by the sanguine. "If I could take my children to a world where every time I hear a croupy cough my heart did not stand still with terror," urged another, "that would be heaven for me." The mulatto girl who burst into joyful tears at first sight of a marble bust of herself "because it was white" had a glimpse of her heaven before its time.

"Heaven must be like any other form of happiness, only 'more so,'" said a thoughtful man. "And the conditions of happiness are three—a clean conscience, something to do and some one to love."—Elizabeth Stuart Phelps in Harper's Bazar.

They Go Together.

"Henry," said the young wife, who had taken up physical culture, "how do you think I am built?"

"My dear," replied her husband fondly, "you are built like a watch."

"Thank you, Henry. And, Henry?"

"Well."

"If I am built like a watch, don't you think I should have a few jewels?"

And then Henry frowned and said the man who compliments a woman is an idiot.

Bilious Spells A HABIT.

Year after year you suffer from attacks of bilious headache, indigestion, constipation alternating with looseness of the bowels, dizziness, despondency and ill temper, until your trouble becomes a habit, or develops into Bright's disease of the kidneys. You can break this chain of bondage by the use of

Dr. A. W. Chase's Kidney and Liver Pills

They cure biliousness and constipation by reason of their direct and specific action on the liver, ensuring the filtering of the bile from the blood, where it is poison and passing it into the intestines where it is necessary to aid digestion and regulate the bowels. This great medicine is backed by the skill and integrity of the famous Receipt Book author, A. W. Chase, M. D. One pill a dose, 25 cents a box, at all dealers or Dr. A. W. Chase Medicine Co., Buffalo, N. Y.

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AN ALLITERATIVE ALLEGORY.

Serene Susanna sits beside the stream, Where timid trout are trying to attain The gourmet glory of the golden gleam Of flies for which the foolish fish are fain.

She baits her bended barb and bends her back To trail the tempting tidbit in the tide. Of lively leaps there is a lasting lack, But bitless beauties boldly there abide.

At last the lass, alas, allured by love Of angling, avid in the ancient art, Oubends the brooklet's beeding bluff above And strains her strength the struggling stunt to start.

Susanna slips, so slick the slimy sod. She smites the surface with a smothered shriek. She weighs three hundred pounds, and, by the rod, She splashes all the fishes from the creek! —Robertus Love in "New York Sun."

Not Well Acquainted.



The Camel—Here! Keep your tail out of my fodder! The Elephant—Well, you needn't get your back up!

Labor Saving Device.

"Yes, siree," said the freckled lad proudly, "my dad's a genius, he is."

"That so?" responded the weary coffee mill agent.

"Waal, I should say so! Dad noticed that every time the old hound came around Sunday mornings he began wagging his stumpy tail."

"Anything unusual in that, sonny?"

"No, not for the hound, mister, but dad got up the idea of attaching a shoe brush and a whisk broom to Bowser's tail. Now when dad is ready to go to meeting his shoes are shined and the legs of his trousers are dusted without his moving a finger. By gosh, dad's got as much brains as a furrin diplomat!"—Detroit Tribune.

A Satisfactory Compact.

At a golden wedding celebration the groom of fifty years ago referred to the perfect unanimity and concord there had existed between him and his wife during the long years of wedded life.

Said he: "When we were first married we agreed that she should settle all the small differences that occurred and I all the large ones. This rule we have adhered to. She has always settled the small disputes, and, my friends, there have never been any large ones."—Lippincott's Magazine.

"Here is a map of the route we shall take."

"Did you make two of them?"

"No. What for?"

"So papa will be able to overtake us and forgive us."—Houston Post.

Piles

We are so certain that itching, bleeding and protruding piles can always be relieved and absolutely cured by this ointment that we positively guarantee satisfaction or money refunded.

50 cents a box at all dealers or Dr. A. W. Chase Medicine Co., Buffalo, N. Y.

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Saving Himself.
The owner of an estate had the misfortune to get a charge of shot in his legs from the double barreled gun of an inexperienced sportsman. The keeper hastened to his master. "You're not dead, are you?" he cried. "Of course I am not, you fool!" said the squire, rising. "Well, sir, not seeing you get up after you were shot, I thought you must be dead!" remarked the keeper. "Get up after I was shot—not I!" responded the squire. "If I had got up, the idiot would have given me his other barrel!"—London Scraps.

Very Thick.
"I wonder why Damon and Pythias were such great friends?" queried the young lady who writes type between meals.

"They were like a couple of girl chums, I guess," rejoined the bachelor with the Ingrowing hair. "Got so thick they couldn't see through each other."—Chicago News.

He who doubts his ability to win has already fallen behind in the race.

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Is sent direct to the diseased parts by the Improved Blower. Heals the ulcers, cleans the air passages, stops oozing in the throat and permanently cures Catarrh and Hay Fever. No harmful drugs. See blower free to all dealers or Dr. A. W. Chase Medicine Co., Buffalo, N. Y.
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